The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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IN THIS ISSUE

A Front Porch Study, by Frederick A. Bisbee

Doshisha, or One Endeavor Company, by John van Schaick, Jr.

The Drive Did It, by George E. Huntley

What Is the Labor Movement? by F. Ernest Johnson

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

A certain committee for recruiting the ministry is distributing tributes to the worth of the profession by men who have deliberately chosen some other calling. This sounds to us like the lovely talk about the glory of dying for one's country by men who sit at home and warm their shins by the club-house fire. (*Unity.*)

υ λ

The real spirit and purpose behind the criticisms of Dr. Grant and Dr. Fosdick have not been fully disclosed. When all allowance is made for unhappy tactics and hasty utterances, the real fact remains that the discussion is ostensibly theological, but is actually sociological. It is not their theological views, but their position on economic questions, which has exposed two such outstanding preachers to attack. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

In the life of America there is no room for a band of men who are ashamed to show their faces, while engaged in what they insist is a work of humanity. All the high professions of the Ku Klux Klan are of no avail as long as the mask and gown are retained in their ritual. And the height of impropriety is reached when, so attired, they invade churches, hoping to win condonation of their impertinence by a gift of money. (*Newark News.*)

υ λ

"That pentasyllabic word" is the term which the Rt. Hon. Spencer Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, applied in a parliamentary debate to the word "proletariat." He admitted that he did not like the word of five syllables, and then went on in a strain of noble eloquence to do honor to four great monosyllables: "The English language," he said, "is the richest in the world for monosyllables. There are four words of one syllable each —words of salvation for this country and the whole world—and they are: faith, hope, love, and work. No government in this country to-day that has not got faith in the people, hope in the future, love of its fellow men, and that will not work and work and work, will bring this country through into better times and better days, or Europe through, or the world through." (*Christian Advocate.*)

υ λ

The doctor who examined the Cleveland girl that set a new record for non-stop dancing found her heart all right. He made no report on the brain. (*Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

"Car Kills Two; Gets Six Months," says headline. That's the idea; lock up the cars and give the drivers six months as pedestrians.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

A BRAVE VETO

GOVERNOR COX of Massachusetts has given many evidences of moral courage. The latest and one of the finest is his veto of the so-called Adlow bill, which had passed both branches of the egislature because in neither was there courage enough to kill it. The real purpose of this bill was wo-fold, first to give moral, or immoral, support to violators of the prohibition of the sale of liquor, and second, and more important in the minds of the politicians, a bid for the votes of these law violators and their supporters.

Since some of the powerful county rings that Governor Cox has been fighting in the effort to establish a better prison system in Massachusetts were also behind this bill, the Governor's veto may precipitate a fight in his own party. Even so, however, t is probable that, in the long run, the Governor's honest stand for principle may prove to be good political policy as well. The noisy clamor of certain elements in our larger cities, and even the sinister indifference of many officials, is easily overestimated. The people of the United States mean to abolish alcohol slavery just as surely as they meant to abolish negro slavery. It is apparent that we have Cabinet members and Congressmen and lesser officials who do not mean it, but they will change, or be changed, and the rapidity of the change will depend largely on how much active support the church people of the country give to such men as Governor Cox.

* *

LOOKING MORE CLOSELY AT PROVIDENCE

EVERY four years at election time the people of the United States rise up with a strong impulse to "throw the rascals out." Part of the impulse is justified. Part of it is not. What is not justified is an ignorant condemnation of what has been done and an ignorant restless desire for change. Every two years something of the same phenomenon is seen in our Church. There are loud cries for a change. There are vociferous demands for new blood. There is, if not stated, at least implied in the talk of the lobbies, the insistance that we turn the rascals out.

Just who are the rascals? Are they politicians seeking to feather their own nests? Are they office holders guilty of graft? No, they are consecrated ministers and laymen of our Church, serving, most of them, without salary, contributing services of enormous value to the common cause.

Repeatedly such men have been dropped from service on the Board of Trustees with not a word of thanks, or if thanks are given it appears like an after thought, and is done by tired delegates in a perfunctory and half-hearted way.

Recently Ye Editor has served on nominating committees and sat in meetings of the Board of Trustees. From that experience he gets these convictions:

That to deal with the intricate and almost baffling problems of the Trustees is no job for "any fool."

That when new blood is to go on the Board—and an influx of new blood is always desirable—no question of long service in the Church should be the controlling factor in the choice, and certainly not the persistent candidacies of those who want the honor, but the choice should be made with the knowledge that the person has both the intellectual and moral strength requisite and the time to give to it. No accidents ought to be allowed to happen in these matters. The issues involved are too important. No strong man who likes the job and is willing to give the time ought to be crowded off after a temporary service of two years by the accidental omission of a hurried and perplexed committee.

That when men after long service are to be released from further service it ought to be done in a spirit of gratitude, and not in a mob spirit.

That the element of continuity must be considered. An amazing number of matters hold over from year to year. They involve large sums of money, at least for us as a Church. They relate to all kinds of local conditions and personal idiosyncrasies. It is of enormous importance for us to have on the Board people who know what other Boards have done and why—what Adams thought, what Gunnison said, what Perin did, about this identical thing—not to control action but to shed light.

We need the younger men for action, but we must have action based on facts, and the older men have the facts. In choosing and in releasing officers we must be careful to have both elements represented in our decisions.

If we think about these matters in advance and pray over them we will do things wisely, decently and in order, and not through good or bad luck.

OUR INTEMPERATE PEOPLE

IN the days when the drink traffic was in full swing, and folk could slake their thirst with liquor, it was the common observation of Americans who traveled abroad and foreigners who came to our country that most American drinkers were intemperate. They drank to excess; they became drunk and were a nuisance to the public, and a disgrace and a shame to their families and communities. The American traveling abroad was surprised to find persons drinking, but rarely becoming intoxicated, and the foreigner was equally surprised to find how intemperate were the persons in America who drank liquor. With respect to liquor, therefore, there is no question whatever as to our intemperance. Now that prohibition is in force we are being cured of this vice.

We are, however, equally intemperate in other matters. People who would never think of becoming intoxicated with liquor, become inebriated with other stimulating stuff. A Marathon dancing craze has just swept our country from one end to another. Young men and women in New York danced for two or three days. They were featured in the newspaper. This suggestion set off the light-headed and loose-footed young men and women in other parts of the country to break the New York record, and then other young folk fell victims to the same dancing mania and became affected with St. Vitus Dance. Drink used to go to the heads of people. This new intoxication affected people's feet.

Then followed a knitting match, by women who have nothing hard and useful to do in life, and whose days are spent in knitting, some of whom even take their knitting or sewing to public lectures and churches. Why not a knitting match? The suggestion set them going and they kept it up for two or three days. It was their hands that became affected.

M. Coue comes to the country and gives lectures in our great cities, and thousands and thousands rush to hear him, and thousands hope to be cured by him, and hundreds take the advantage to be advertised by him, and the whole country thinks, talks, dreams and deludes itself with "Coueism." It was a great "spree," "intellectual holiday," for vast numbers of people, a sort of psychic (not mental) intoxication.

Even in religion the same intemperate phenomena are found. Some of our revivals exhibit all the symptoms of intoxication. There is a loss of function of the higher centers of the brain, and the lower centers are in control. Men and women do not think, do not deliberate, do not choose, but they are swayed by their feelings and controlled by the herd instinct. They sing, talk, laugh, applaud, jump and parade. The evangelist loses self-control, talks incoherently and intemperately, and consigns to hell the noblest men and women of the world. We have seen men and women, who have followed such revivals for weeks, in as bad a state physically and mentally as if they were intoxicated.

No one wants dulness, staleness, deadness in our American life, and certainly not in our religious life, but there is great need of sobriety, high seriousness, and complete possession of our souls. There is need of a new temperance movement which will save vast numbers from these less gross, but as demoralizing, intemperate habits. *D. E.*

PLAYING FAIR

IF there be a virtue, individual or collective, which America verbally exploits and practically ignores, it is fair play. We all like to keep within sight and even touch of the great principle as a source of recruiting strength, or as a city of refuge. We make strong and aggressive demands that everybody shall play fair with us, but too often overlook our obligation to others.

It is noticeable in this proud country of ours that when a man is called to a position of large responsibility, where he must carry the weight of official duty, we of the constituency feel it our right and duty to pounce upon him with all sorts of sinister criticism, because of whatever he doesn't do, or does, and, no matter how limited our view of the situation, we tell the world what he should do, and how he should do it, until in the shifting of the pieces on the board we find ourselves in the king row. Then we howl for fair play from our constituency. That is, there are two points of view at least, one from those within and another from those without, and neither can see as the other, and therefore it is up to us all to have our own standards, and, giving the other an equal chance, live up to our standards as best we can.

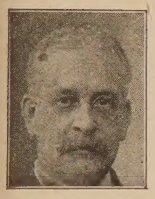
Down in the Southland there is developing a new influx of the "American virtue." Two vigorous Democratic papers have recently, with virile editorial voice, announced that they are Democratic to the backbone and want the Democratic Party to win the next Presidential election. But it is time for even politics to be run according to the rules of fair play, and they want to pay a tribute to the gentleman in the White House as a good President. While they differ from him, it is up to the whole country to honor him, especially when he is doing his best, as it appears from his point of view, to play fair with the whole people. He may not favor our particular appropriation, but he is conscientiously seeking the greatest good of the greatest number.

Remember, he is "our" President, say these editors, and we are to help him and not be continually putting blocks—or blocs—in his way. Give him a chance. He can not come down to Georgia and explain his every action to each individual. We must trust him; he can not do much evil in four years that can not be cured by our votes when the time is up, if we do our duty when the time comes with votes instead of fault-finding.

These observations touch the smaller groupings of people no less grippingly than in the wide reaches of the national government. Even in churches which preach the gospel of fair play, there are those who call a man to a position of burdensome responsibility and, before he has cleared his desk for action, begin interrupting his thinking and hampering his action by carping criticism.

In the nature of things they can not know from the outside the nature and extent of the difficulties with which he must contend, and if these critics were suddenly elevated to the high office, we should hear from them but one plaint—"Give me a chance. Show me fair play. Help me instead of hindering me and we shall come through." Place the radical in office where he can see for himself, and the chances are he will become a conservative.

Front Porch Studies



THIS morning, just as I had taken my seat in the big porch rocker, prepared for my daily musical argument with the mocking-bird out on the telephone wire, there came strolling up the front walk my old friend and classmate, A. Memory, who promptly seated himself in the other big chair and, as he always does, began to reminisce.

"Don't you recall, Bisbee," said Memory in a far-away voice, "the great day when the class made its declaration of independence? We had just come from the class room, where we had been discussing the great mission of the Universalist Church and our part in it. Then one of us, I am not saying which one, for in an instant we were all in it, but one of us stood up and, with grandiloquent gesture, said, 'I have pledged my life to a great cause, so great that I can not be and am not confined to any mere sectarian limits. I am going out into the great, needy world, not to make Universalists but to make Christians.'

"You remember the hush that followed. Then with one accord we stood with him and, following his leadership, we recited together, 'We are not going out to make Universalists but to make Christians.' It was a thrilling movement, one never to be forgotten. We all seemed to grow in stature as we held our heads high and went forth to walk around the college reservoir. So important did we feel that we shook the very foundations of the old rez with the weight of our footsteps.

"I recall, Bisbee, that you were the baby of the class in years and in size, but not one of us was quite so 'chesty' as we rolled along, repeating the slogan, 'Not to make Universalists but to make Christians!' I recall how you said that here was a job big enough to command big men, and you quoted the saying common among the students that 'old Dr. Sawyer had not had a new thought in a quarter of a century—and we were in a new age when new thinking was necessary—and this was the beginning of the new thought for the new age.'

"We came down from the reservoir and ran plump into another professor, who was sympathetic with the boys in their adventures into new fields, and he asked what we were thinking about. You told him, and repeated with pride our slogan, and he said he congratulated us on having the attack of this malignant disease so early and all having it at the same time. Since he had been connected with the school there had never been a class which as a whole or individually had not suffered an attack of this kind. It seemed to be a sort of ecclesiastical measles passing on from one generation to another. But cheer up, boys,' he said, 'you will get over it in time and make some Christian Universalists who will do their stunt in making the world better. Dr. Sawyer may not have had a new thought in a quarter of a century, but some of his old ones will be functioning for good in making Christians before you begin to think!'

"So we went thoughtfully on our way into the big world, on our big mission, and the first thing we did was to look for a well-equipped church which some Sawyer Universalists had builded, and we may not have taught much but we learned a lot in those few years, for Mr. Bryan had not come to the front as the omniscient teacher of the idea that God could and had really made something out of nothing, even without the employment of matter and method. We went out to do something and mostly we started to improve and strengthen our Universalist plant.

"We are mostly gone now. I think there are only two of us remaining on the job, and still working by the help of the Universalist Church to make Christians. They were so successful that each coming class of Christian-makers contend for the privilege of spending their patrimony in the use of their plants to produce various forms of freak Christians, mortgaging the plant, meanwhile, to pay the minister's salary, while he is spying about for another and larger church to wreck."

While Memory was sitting there, I had time to think of my own work since the day of our "declaration of independence." I have made some good Universalists, who, as a wise friend in the South says, "will stand without hitching." I have torn some loose from their old anchorage and they have been drifting ever since. But I have discovered this, that the ministry is a constructive and not a destructive agency; that it follows the natural laws of growth, and must be adapted constantly to the human needs as they develop. The ministry of each age must be different in certain ways from that of the preceding, because people and conditions are different, and must be in a living and growing world. A real factor in ministerial progress is conserving what is, rather than wrecking it. It takes plodding steps to bring one to the realization of a great vision.

Mr. Ford could never have produced the transformation of the automobile business had he simply sat back and said, "I do not want to make machinery and big factories and organize workers, I want to make a car that will revolutionize transportation." With his eye on the vision he utilized the mere tools and forces others had created, inspiring and adapting them for the new and greater mission. When the time came he destroyed and scattered the needless, but he did not scrap the whole business. I have seen young ministers, in fact I was once one, who saw a way to produce a great sensation and get rich quick by a grand smash, which would reveal how vastly superior I was to the fathers who first saw the vision, however imperfectly, who educated me and gave me my opportunity and something with which to begin. The desire of young ambition is to get in the new and faster car and make things hum, instead of crawling along the commonplace way.

We were easy marks for the ecclesiastical get-rich-quick schemers, who pointed us the shorter way to success, and most of us, including myself, fell for it, and wasted good years following after blind leaders of the blind into devious paths which led nowhere and got nothing. We listened to the siren voices and climbed over the fence into other pastures where the

grass was greener and more alluring to the young cattle, but eventually most of us found a hole in the fence through which we crawled back, or, being overfed with the husks, we returned to the Father's house where our elder brothers had been fattening calves for us, and we came home demanding the veal!

Yes, friend Memory, in due time we mostly went out to make Universalists as the best way to make Christians. Others would use other methods and do good work, but we realized after a little that to make Christians by fiat was a bigger job than we youngsters could venture on. There must be lots of plodding, irksome work, making parts of the great machine which would later be assembled, and there was the job which was about our size until we proved ourselves big enough for something better. In those callow years was when the schemers got us with their slight of-hand methods of beating the world.

I am glad, friend Memory, you came over thi morning to set me to studying some of the big ques tions here involved, for the world's need was neve so great as its need just now of working Universalists not in a sectarian sense but because the fundamen tals of Universalism are the elements out of which under whatever name they function, the true citize and the true Christian are made.

Come over again, Memory. I think I may hav something more to say along this line. Meanwhile shall keep right on making Universalists as my larges and best contribution to the bringing in of a genuin kingdom of heaven on the earth.

F. A. B.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XV Doshisha, or the One Endeavor Company

John van Schaick, Jr.

TO-DAY I have been out to Doshisha University, in Kyoto. Doshisha means the one endeavor company, or a company of the like minded.

Because I had breakfast early I secured a quiet hour this morning here at the hotel with Danjo Ebina, president of Doshisha, who came to call on Dr. and Mrs. Edwin G. Warner of New York. And because I prefer universities to pottery shops and kimono stores, I have had this inspiring afternoon.

The partitions in the hotel were thin and even a tired voice forced its way through. I have no idea who said it, but these are the words my friend took down: "I've done my last temple. I'm tired of Buddhas. I came to shop and shop I shall." Bless her dear old heart! She shall if she wants to, but, thank God, I don't have to—at least all the time.

Doshisha is the school started by Joseph Hardy Neesima. Neesima is the Japanese boy of the nobility who left his country in 1864 when it meant sure death if he had been caught. The story of his life as told by Dr. Jerome Dean Davis in a little paper-covered volume of 164 pages is thrilling. I read it years ago and have re-read it to-night.

Why he wanted to go to America in itself is a marvelous story. How he succeeded in the face of almost sure defeat; how Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Hardy of Boston put their names high in Japanese history by discovering him and helping him; how he went through Phillips Andover and Amherst College and back to Japan; how with Davis and Learned of the American Board Mission he started Doshisha, is all set down in this little book.

In itself it is argument enough for my growing conviction that the missions had better begin to concentrate on taking promising boys and girls from the foreign field to the United States and educating them for work, theological, educational, medical, and social, in their own countries. Especially is there need just now of kindergartners, nurses, music teachers, and public health workers. And the demand for instruction in English, as I have said before, is almost incredible. It makes one wonder if Japan is to becom an English-speaking nation.

This school, which began in 1875 in Mr. Nee sima's home with seven boarding pupils and one da pupil, to-day has 130 instructors, 2,000 boys and 1,00 girls. The feeling of Kyoto itself toward the school which was so bitter in 1875 that even Neesima's highl placed friends in the ministry at Tokyo could hardl secure the necessary permissions, passes and othe papers necessary in those days, has changed so tha the demand for entrance is far beyond the capacit of the school.

Professor Lombard called my attention to a ne science building and said: "It cost $35,000 gold Every penny was subscribed by Japanese parents o pupils now in school." Even Buddhist families ar sending their children to Doshisha. Some girls, da pupils, come from a distance and arise at 4 a. m. ever day to get there in time.

Doshisha has an endowment of only $300,000 and a yearly budget of $175,000. Tuition fees amoun to $100,000 a year, interest income to $15,000, an $60,000 has "to be raised." The Japanese give a thir of this themselves. The board of trustees is Japanese the American Board wisely having given up long ag any control they had. All they do now is to pay th salaries of two or three teachers.

We met Miss Helen Seymour of the Church of th Covenant, Washington, D. C., a gifted artist an cultured lady, now serving the university as a vol unteer teacher of English, and also painting beautifu things which she sells for the school. I should no mention her name if I did not believe that it is a publi service to call attention to the kind of thing she i doing in the world. She could sell her services in th United States, where they are not so much needed but she prefers to give them where there is enormou need for them. It is the kind of thing Grenfell di in Labrador. It is making life count for a lot. It i a form of service open to other qualified people And it is the most practical kind of missionary wor I know.

"What do you need the most?" I said to the president, as we were walking about the campus. "More and better teachers," he replied instantly, and then I knew he was a real educator.

Just what this institution has meant to Japan I do not know, but I have an idea that it is a power for liberalism in politics and religion as well as in the building of a Christian type of character.

I picked up a comparatively recent book on Ayres' study table in Tokyo. It was by Tasuka Harada, late president of Doshisha University, on "The Faith of Japan." I visited "Plum Blossom" Girls' School in Osaka and I found the principal was graduated at Doshisha. I stepped in a book store and bought a Japanese novel to read on the train. It was "Nami-ko," by Kenjiro Tokutomi, and the introduction said he was educated at Doshisha. And at least one of our Japanese Universalist ministers was prepared for his work at this institution. All of these instances occurred without any attempt to make out a case for the school or my asking a question on this phase of the subject.

Anybody in the United States who knows about Doshisha knows about Mary Florence Denton of the faculty. From Los Angeles last, from New York first, from Boston as permanent headquarters if she has any such in the States, here is a real person. She came out early enough to have seen Neesima. She has stayed through hard days and bright days. She believes in the institution and its work with every fiber of a strong and tender nature. And she knows the whole story. Such a mother to successive generations of Japanese girls that their children call her grandmother, such a friend to struggling boys that they take hold again when about to give up, such a trusted adviser to philanthropists back home that they give her buildings, such a wise, good, practical, efficient soul—what has America ever given to anybody half as good as such a life?

Talk about the defects and delinquencies of missionaries—unquestionably they exist. Mary Florence Denton would claim her share. But we Christians back in the States will have to hustle ever to do as much or be as happy as this woman. She has taken her share of hardship like a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I suspect that she is most Orthodox, but praised be God for such Orthodoxy. It is Orthodoxy plus sense. She knows that nothing can be done with the Japanese without understanding their history, studying their religion and gratefully accepting every word of truth and beauty which Shintoism with its thirteen sects and Buddhism with its forty-nine sub-divisions have to give.

She knows that if she goes back to the United States to make a missionary address what the people expect to hear and want to hear is how heathenish the people are in Japan, and yet she will tell them how honest, and upright, and admirable she has found the Japanese, tradesmen and all, to be.

"I lock up nothing and I lose nothing," she declared. She knows that she can serve Christ best just now by securing scholarships at Barnard College, New York, for half a dozen Japanese girls to take the complete Domestic Science course and come home to be teachers, and she is working for it, and also for scholarships at Bryn Mawr and Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and Mt. Holyoke and other high grade colleges.

Blessed be the old New England Congregationalism which raised up this kind of woman.

Professor Learned is still there and we met him at lunch, a venerable and venerated figure. Professor Fox of New Haven, who was at Doshisha with us, renewed an acquaintance with Learned of over forty years ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Warner, who entertained President Ebina many years ago in the States, Professor Fox, Mrs. van Schaick, Mr. Romaine and I all briefly addressed several hundred girls drawn up on the campus to meet us. Professor Fox said that he had been a teacher for over fifty years and never had seen such interest and attention in the class room as at Doshisha.

Two or three sentences from the last report of President Ebina are suggestive:

"Again this year's graduating class is the largest in the history of the institution. Of the university graduates, 220 out of 270 were from the economic department—an indication of the present trend. We regret to report that the condition of the theological department compares poorly with that of former days."

"In the girls' school we are met by the astonishing fact that the number of pupils has suddenly leaped from 389 to 680 . . . prophetic of still greater changes to come."

"Among other things worthy of our gratitude and consideration may be mentioned the demand for English teachers on the part of outside schools. This year's graduates were immediately snapped up and our utter inability to meet the need emphasizes the necessity of making the training of a large number of English teachers a specialty of our institution. On the other hand the deterioration in English among our students, due, we believe, to the comparatively small number of American teachers, calls for decisive action on our part if we would preserve the good name of the institution."

One of the strongest, ablest men in our party, a successful high school man just retired, a man of winning personality and physical and mental vigor, said to me: "It makes me consider seriously whether I ought not to come out here and give my services to Doshisha as long as I am good for anything. I am inclined to think they might be the most useful years of my life."

Until three years ago, President Ebina, a Japanese himself, was a Congregational minister in Japan. Like all others with whom I talked, he told me that the pressure for higher education in Japan is great. There is compulsory education and fairly adequate provision up to twelve years of age. After that there is intense competition to get in. In Tokyo I found Mr. Ito and all his circle of friends rejoicing because his twelve-year-old boy had won admission to the next grade of school, which fits for the university—one of eighty chosen out of 1,300. Where boys fail, they are subjected to the censure of parents, the ridicule of society, and a reaction from severe strain which often plunges them into deep gloom. Occasionally they go all to pieces and commit suicide.

Fully half of the income of the Japanese nation

has gone to the army and navy. Comparatively little has gone for higher education. "But," said Dr. Ebina, "the tide is changing. The Disarmament Conference at Washington was a fortunate thing for Japan. It strengthens those who stand for the ideals of Doshisha. Some Japanese are not satisfied with that treaty. In the name of patriotism they would increase their own prospects. Unconsciously self-interest moves them. They draw their largest support from military life."

"Real conditions are coming out. Our large army in Siberia was really to increase the power of the military party. The common soldiers have found that out and have made their views understood." "Great changes are coming," President Ebina added. "After Versailles," said President Ebina, "the Japanese were skeptical. They found all the Christian nations grasping. After the Washington Conference, the Japanese came back believing that America did not want war but peace. If we can have one more world conference like Washington, Japan will be a changed nation." Then in a semi-joking way which could not conceal his deep feeling, he remarked: "When we see our older brothers and sisters among the nations united, Japan will follow along with them. Especially we are watching Great Britain and America. We have found out that America is almighty. If we find out that America is for peace, Japan will not be otherwise."

"And finally, Mr. President," I said to him, "what is the coming religion of Japan? Will the old Christianity sweep the country, or will there be a combination of the old religions with Christianity, making a new faith, or will there be a Christianity which recognizes the divinity of modern science?" "Not a combination of religions," he replied, "not a dogmatic Christianity at war with modern scholarship, but the simple Christianity of Jesus which believes that the Holy Spirit will guide us into all truth—that is the future religion for Japan and the whole world."

That seemed to be the spirit of Doshisha in every department. "We are trying to educate good citizens, both men and women," said a professor. "We are trying to put into them the Christian spirit and make them live the Christian life."

All who read these words will agree that just such work as is being done by Doshisha, "a one endeavor company," is the most important thing in the world.

Kyoto, Japan, March 7, 1923.

* *

XVI AN OVERLAND TRIP IN JAPAN

Some people take delight in asking travelers what points they have visited and then remarking, "Oh, but you ought to have seen so and so. It was worth all the rest put together." In striking contrast, a Japanese viscount when he heard the itinerary of our overland trip remarked, "You are seeing the best we have to offer in Japan."

It would be ridiculous for us to pretend that we have seen Japan or to claim authority "because we have been there." The oracular among us will do it and the modest will not, and that is all there is to it. Discerning people will be able to tell who knows the most.

I am, however, very happy over our overland trip. Our section left Yokohama, taking train to Odawara and motors up a beautiful gorge to the summit of a mountain pass. We had a day at a mountain resort called Miyanoshita, descended after dark, took sleepers to Nagoya, visited an ancient shogun castle, resumed our journey by rail, traveling for four hours to Nara, had five or six hours in that wonderful old capital of Japan, and made a whirlwind finish with another hour to Kyoto, where we turned into a comfortable hotel "for rest and repairs." It was strenuous. It was hitting only the high spots, but it was fascinating, instructive, stimulating, delightful. Then with a day in Kyoto, a day in Osaka, a short run to Kobe, where we rejoined the ship, Japan overland came to an end. We had two days at the foot of the rugged semi-barren mountains of Kobe and then sailed for Nagasaki, our last stop in the country.

Mountain scenery is mountain scenery whether in Vermont or Japan, and I could write volumes upon it, for I love it intensely. No verse in the Psalms is more beautiful than "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." I must acknowledge, however, that I have never realized that Japan had such wonderful mountain scenery. About all I had seen concerning it had been Fuji on plates and screens. But there are many worthy companions of Fuji and lofty ranges and noble peaks.

Those who traveled overland all the way by rail, circled around Fuji on a day which was remarkably clear. Those of us who went by Miyanoshita had opportunities to see Fuji we will never forget—whole views, half views, the tip, all of it, under perfect conditions of light and atmosphere.

As we came up Tokyo Bay on arrival we saw Fuji. Every day as we traveled by train from Yokohama to Tokyo we saw Fuji. As I went to church in Tokyo there it was again. From the upper windows of the house where I stayed we looked off at it. And the first part of our overland trip was to the Fuji region, where of course it dominated everything. The Japanese call it "the peerless mountain." Our travelers agreed that its symmetry, the gracefulness of its curve, the way it stands by itself with the other lovely mountains keeping a respectful distance, and the conditions under which we saw it of blue sky, sunshine and snow-covered slopes, in contrast with its dark forests, made it the spectacle of the trip. It goes up from nearly sea level to a height of 12,395 feet. To a height of 1,500 feet the slopes are cultivated, for another 2,500 feet there is grass, dark pine forests for 4,000 feet more, and then lava beds in summer and unbroken snow fields in winter. Probably no mountain in the world has been used as much in the decorative art of the country to which it belongs as Fuji has been used in the art of Japan.

My day in Miyanoshita had much quiet sitting in the warm sunshine, much loafing and inviting my soul, for I had spoken three times the day before.

At Nagoya we found ourselves in a town of 176,000, the center of pottery manufacture and the birthplace of the exquisite enameling called cloisonne. We were mainly concerned in getting warm for the first hour or two. There was unanimous crowding up and backing up to the little fires at the hotel. I had no enthusiasm that morning for even a castle of a

hogun, but I would be very sorry to have missed it. Built in 1610, never under fire, walled in, surrounded by a moat, it had a central "keep" which was a remarkable structure. It covered half an acre, but rapidly diminished in each of its five stories until its top room was only twelve yards square. One thousand of the faithful retainers could sleep on the lower floor, 300 on the next, 600 on the third, 400 on the fourth and 200, the guide said, on the fifth, but I would have hated to be one of them. The view over the low gray roofs and over the military parade ground off to the mountains was worth climbing for. And the mural decorations in the lower rooms even got hold of me, untrained in art as I am. They are among the finest in Japan.

I had had given me a little bunch of keys to help me unlock the treasures of Japanese art in a series of brief statements about it. After I learned them, I looked at things with new eyes:

1. "The artist, as a rule, does not depict emotion; he depicts the subjects which produce emotion. He takes his motives from nature rather than from history."

2. "He never exhausts his subject, but leaves a wide margin for the imagination of the spectator." This rule put me on my mettle. It involves of course doing things which to us at first seem trivial but which are full of significance.

3. "Japanese symmetry, so different from ours, comes from a study of the infinite variety of nature." No two leaves are the same. Nor are the two halves of an animal marked like the tiger exactly the same. Therefore the fourth statement follows.

4. "Repetition without any variations is abhorrent to the Japanese." Hence the repetition of two objects exactly alike or the division of space into two equal parts is avoided. They get symmetry not by dividing into two equal parts, but by balancing corresponding parts, making every division different and the numbers uneven.

But I must not pursue a subject in which I am such a tyro. Enough to add that it is all drudgery if one has no key or no desire to learn. The burden is light if we begin to open our eyes.

Still pulling back on the halter, I was led on to Nara. I soon stopped my resisting. Nara is one of the best things to do in Japan. Once it had a population of a quarter of a million. Now it has 47,000. The days of its glory were twelve hundred years ago. Before 709 A. D. the capital of Japan had been moved at each accession. But at that time Nara was made the first permanent capital of Japan and remained so during seven consecutive reigns. That is the time that the temples and shrines and palaces were built, and the park laid out. What impresses the weary traveler is that the city lies on the slope of a range of picturesque hills beautifully wooded with cryptomeria or Japanese cedar and evergreen oaks. From a fine hotel one looks off at other ranges. "Far views and much sky," said the lady who served me refreshing tea.

The temples and shrines at Nara are striking and artistic. The central feature is the colossal figure of Buddha, fifty-three feet high, the largest in Japan. It is called Dai Butsu. The casting of this huge figure was accomplished after eight failures by a Korean artist. Twice the temple has burned and the head has been melted off. For over a hundred years it stood exposed to the weather without any temple. Restorations have marred the original perfection of the work. But it is stupendous. It is amazing. It is worth traveling to see. It isn't Buddha, but it is Buddhism. As I looked at it, I felt that I wanted to learn more about Buddha the man, who lived almost six hundred years before Christ, who is known by all historians to have been a singularly pure and noble character, and who has exerted such a tremendous influence on history. A deep-toned bell made of the metal left over after casting the figure of Buddha added solemnity to the hour we spent there.

One of the most interesting things about Nara is that here the deer is a sacred animal. They are protected by law. They have never known a blow or kick or unkind word even, and they are all over the place. We had to push them out of our way wherever we went. And at one point when we had all assembled, a keeper blew a bugle and 700 of them at once came running to be fed. Blessed be the little girl from New Jersey who gave me rice cakes to feed them. Fill your pockets when you to go Nara or have change ready for the hucksters, who sell food for the deer as they sell peanuts for the squirrels in Washington and grain for the pigeons in Boston. In the old days even a priest who killed a deer in Nara by accident was put to death with horrible torture.

Up in the woods near the edifice called the Kasuga-No-Miya, part of the Shinto shrine, we passed the stable of the sacred white horse, who stuck out his head and whinnied at us. He at least has no illusions. "Soft job here," he remarked to me. "One parade a year through the streets. Nothing but tourists and peddlers and priests and those greedy deer the rest of the time. I'd like to cut and run." I felt sorry for the sacred horse, for, like everybody doomed to a soft job, he has a hard time. The lanterns in this park are unusually striking and beautiful.

Before we left the Nara Hotel two plays were rendered, including what is called a Kyogen and a No Dance, most interesting and well understood, as we had the stories in English.

It was restful to get to Kyoto and to find a room with an open fire. Local color is all right and I admire the heroes in our party who went off to sleep on the floor now and then, but my final beatitude is "Blessed be beds," especially after a weary day.

If I could go back to but one city in Japan for a year of study I would take Kyoto—not simply because of its attractive situation but because for eleven centuries it was the capital, the imperial, artistic, intellectual and political metropolis of Japan. Ancient traditions, memorials of Japanese history, wonderful temples and shrines and palaces, are cherished here side by side with plants representative of modern commercial and manufacturing energy. We went to a shogun palace, bought our kimonos and then went to Doshisha, about which I have written already.

We had slowed up considerably by the time we got to Osaka, the largest commercial city of Japan, with 1,250,000 people in 1920, and the old castle of Hideyoshi, the old sixteenth century shogun whose name is flung at one everywhere. We saw the castle,

saw the main streets, and then went out to another school of the American Board for girls called the "Plum Blossom" school, forty-five years old, forty teachers, 800 girls getting an education. One realized here especially the pressure on such institutions. Six hundred are applying for the high school department in April. They can take only 280. I had no chance to study this school as I did some others, but I was impressed with the nobility of its spirit and the need it is filling.

The big comfortable ship seemed like home when we rolled into Kobe, and we slept deep and long that night.

Unquestionably travel involves labor, pain and sacrifice, with many keen pleasures. But it enlarges the horizon. It lifts us out of our provincialism. It stimulates study. It brings us dear friends. It fills us with memories of places, people, incidents, which are bound to enrich our lives for all time.

In the East China Sea, March 12, 1923.

The Drive Did It

George E. Huntley

WE have had a greatly increased service at a time of greatly increased prices. This is remarkable, considering the fact that our business methods are unusual if not absolutely unique. Is it generally known that our Sunday School Association is conducted on faith and not at all on sense? In all its history it never has sold one dollar's worth of anything—and yet, strange as the facts may seem, it is solvent to-day and still hopeful.

"How much does it cost?" asked a gentleman who came into the office to borrow a half dozen books. "Oh, nothing!" "How much does it cost?" asked a lady who wanted twelve copies of our bulletin each month. "Nothing at all." "How much does it cost?" asked a superintendent who applied for one of the beautiful note-books with the weekly programs for opening services. "You're perfectly welcome; we're more than glad to present it." The General Sunday School Association is a serving and a giving organization.

Manifestly it is not quite exact to say that our materials cost nothing. While they are free to the recipients, they are anything but free to us. They are expensive and they are more and more expensive every year. A lady entered the office of a man somewhat prominent in our denomination and noticed that he had pinned over his desk a card with a sentiment upon it. Thinking that it must give some thrilling, soul-inspiring quotation from poet or prophet, she sidled up and read it. It said, "Gee, ain't money slippery!"

As a matter of fact it costs us a good deal to read any morning's mail. Here is a man who wants to borrow a stereopticon talk. Everything considered, that will cost us fifty cents. Here is a friend who wants three books from the Loan Library. We will have to buy two of them at a cost of three dollars and a quarter. Here is a pastor who wants a Standard certificate. Certificate, framing and postage will take a dollar and a half. Here is an officer who asks for a conference to be conducted by one of our field workers. His share of the trip expenses would be about twenty dollars. It is a great joy to be able to say "Yes" to all these people, to say it unhesitatingly, to say it with a heartiness that will give them gladness in their trying work.

When questioning what all this takes from our patient and competent treasurer, Mr. Marshall A. Brown, the investigator should remember that prices have radically changed since our Association came into existence ten years ago. Every page that we have printed costs twice as much as it did in 1913; every letter that we send out costs twice as much; every book that we supply costs twice as much; every field trip costs twice as much.

In the face of present high prices our work has increased very rapidly during the last four years; in fact it has nearly doubled. Our regular office service, by hand and by mail, has grown until we are now in constant touch with practically all our schools. We have assisted in the organization of many new schools and the reorganization of old ones that had suspended, until we have reached a total of a hundred and twelve. We have increased and improved our output of literature. We have greatly developed our summer schools and institutes. We have taken a share in the Chicago office and have moved into larger and suitably furnished quarters in Boston. We have presented to every superintendent a handsome note-book cover and are furnishing weekly programs, the cost for the first year being over six hundred dollars. We have engaged the services for one day a week of a cultured young woman, who is studying carefully the Sunday school lessons and literature of the world. We are sending out men and women of vision and experience to hold heart-to-heart conferences with the officers and teachers of local schools. A diagram illustrating all the phases of our present service would occupy an entire page of the *Universalist Leader*.

This list of activities is given, not to boast, surely, but to enable me to say something about the Universalist Drive. *The Drive did it.*

How have we been able to add service in the face of advancing costs? Some one may guess that our per capita taxes have increased. They have, with the growth of the schools, but at only two cents and a half a member they, at best, go but a little way toward our expenses. Some one may think that the State Conventions are giving us more. No, we receive six or seven hundred dollars a year from them, just as we have for a long time. Some one may conclude that our gifts from individuals have been augmented. Yes, to some extent, but not enough to enable us to branch out very largely. We still have a good many friends who give us from one to twenty-five dollars apiece each year; a number who give fifty; several who give a hundred, and one dearly-beloved woman who gives two hundred. We would like to multiply the number of such givers, but we are not able to do so with sufficient rapidity to permit any great expansion of

our service. What then is the explanation of our advance? *The Drive did it!*

Four years ago we presented to the Board of Trustees a minute (possibly a rather surprising) statement of what we would like to do for Universalist Sunday schools if the wealth of Croesus were suddenly placed at our disposal. The Trustees caught their breath, and gave us what they could from the Drive, a five-year allotment of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. That's the money that has been doing things. That's the money that has bought our typewriters and other equipment for the new office; that's the money that has enabled us to develop our Institutes; that's the money that has paid for the superintendents' notebooks; that's the money that has made it possible for us to have the services of Miss Earle and Miss Morgan and Miss Ochee and Miss Marshall and the workers who have gone occasionally into the field. The Drive transported us, for the time being, from a position of constant struggle and financial worry to a position of comparative comfort and security.

Now what about the future? We certainly do not mean to retrench. Being more than ever impressed with the absolute necessity of efficient work for our coming citizens and churchmen, we want to enlarge and re-enlarge our service. We do not know just where the money is coming from, but we have confidence that it is coming. There is a little book on the market entitled "Dollars Want You." I hope that the author knows what he is talking about; and I hope that his declaration applies to the General Sunday School Association. We certainly ought to have faith. For faith has been justified in the past. Whenever we have seen something that seemed to be essential to progress we have gone straight ahead, confident that the necessary money would come. And it has come.

I shall never forget something that Dr. Perin said when the Sunday School Association was first organized. "Show the Universalist people that you have something worthy of their support and you will always find them ready with the money."

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXVI Moliere

Agricola

It may seem wandering far afield to take for our text a writer of comedy, and in addition one who belonged to another race and spoke only the Gallic tongue. My excuse is that we often learn from others, and to listen occasionally to wise foreigners may correct a too narrow national view.

Certainly not all the wit or wisdom that makes a valuable human appeal has appeared in our own language, or on our stage. Men of different ancestral homes and traditions from ours have lived the human comedy, learned its countless lessons, wept over its misfortunes, and consoled themselves with laughing at its follies.

No one in French literature and few in any tongue are more worthy of our study and admiration than Moliere. He was for long a wandering comedian, playing in rural French villages and to rustic audiences, and in this homely apprenticeship learned not only the technic of the stage, but the most intimate knowledge of human nature. Later on in Paris he enriched his mental storehouse with a knowledge of all kinds and degrees of men, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. So great became his mastery of this immense human key-board that he ranks almost with Shakespeare in the comedy of character, and in the portrayal of the numberless forms in which pride and avarice, hypocrisy, love, deceit and folly array themselves. *"Le Misanthrope"* is as great a comedy as "The Tempest." *"L'Avare"* compares favorably with "The Merchant of Venice."

Moliere was the French Cervantes. If the latter laughed chivalry out of Spain with his immortal story, the great Frenchman performed a similar though less effective task in exposing the vices of the notorious French court and aristocracy. He chose this field for his brilliant satire at great cost. Bitter hatred and abuse were showered on him. His masterpiece, *"Tartuffe,"* was suppressed for many years through the influence of the clergy. The doctors were kinder or less powerful, and permitted themselves to laugh, although with wry faces, at *"Le Medicin Malgre Lui."*

No wonder the people he satirized were enraged. His aim was so unerring that everything he attacked became the subject of public laughter and contempt. Like Voltaire he was feared by all at whom he leveled the finger of scorn.

Satire is a terrible weapon when directed against persons. It may become a righteous instrument if employed against corrupt institutions or moral abuses. So Voltaire attacked the clergy and Rousseau social injustice and the French Revolution wreaked an awful vengeance on the victims of their poisoned shafts.

Moliere possessed a whole armory of weapons. His pen was keen as a rapier and on that stage in Paris which developed soon after his death into the Comedie Francaise he reached the ear of France. His playhouse became the most commanding pulpit in Louis' realm. Only a playwright, he became a greater preacher, *malgre lui*, than Bourdaloue or even Bossuet. What society could withstand the satire that deliciously lurked in this devilish though pious leer, uttered by Tartuffe: "To sin in secret is not to sin at all?"

To say that French society was transformed would be an exaggeration. The social organism is too complex, human motives and passions too numerous and varied, for such a result. But at least the warning voice sounded. A modern Hosea in blander and subtler tones warned the nation of its ghastly sins. It was not the prophet's fault if seventeenth century France, at first startled and amused by the brilliant satire, soon yawned and returned to her chosen idols.

Representative Universalists

XII Roger Sherman Galer

ROGER SHERMAN GALER was born at Hillsboro, Iowa, June 27, 1863. He is a son of Iowa pioneer stock of the best sort. In this country home, where there was not much wealth, but wholesome labor and living for each member of the family, Mr. Galer spent his childhood. When still in his "teens" he studied at Howes Academy at Mt. Pleasant, which was a preparatory school of excellent fame in those days. He received his degree of A. M. at Iowa State University in 1885, being then twenty-two.

He worked his way entirely through both the academy and the university, largely by teaching country schools part of each year. After his first degree from the university he came back to Mt. Pleasant and taught in Howe's Academy. He was president of the Southern Iowa Normal School from 1887 to 1892 and principal of the Iowa City Academy 1892-93, and during those years studied law at the University Law School as time permitted. Altogether he taught in eastern Iowa nine or ten years, and many people in that section still call him "Professor Galer."

He married in 1887 and began his law practise in Mt. Pleasant in 1893, where he has lived since, a practising attorney in the same office he began in.

His happy home life was broken by the death of his wife, leaving him one son. This son is now a partner in his father's firm, and a prominent citizen of Mt. Pleasant. Mr. Galer take fine pleasure in this son and his wife and his grandchildren who live near him. In 1913, he married Miss Laura Bowman and together they make a beautiful home.

Mr. Galer is president of the trustees of Lombard College and Ryder Divinity School. He is also president of the Iowa Universalist Convention as well as president of the General Convention. He is a trustee of the Mt. Pleasant library and a director of and attorney for the Farmers and Merchants Bank. In the midst of all these exacting responsibilities he has taught a Bible class in the Universalist church at Mt. Pleasant for nine years.

Out of this experience has grown his book on Old Testament Law, and also much in "A Layman's Religion."

He has always been a progressive Republican in politics and very influential in his state. In recent years most of his public addresses have been in connection with our Universalist and other religious and social work.

ROGER SHERMAN GALER *Photo by Bachrach*

Mr. Galer is known in all his home land as a man of balance, sanity, excellent judgment, and absolute integrity. He gives honor and dignity to our whole Church by the weight of his fine character and delightful personality.

What Is the Labor Movement?

F. Ernest Johnson

Research Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches

THE industrial age in the midst of which we now are is taken for granted as inevitable by most of us. Occasionally, to be sure, a writer comes forward like Edward Carpenter, with his "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure," or Arthur J. Penty, with his "Old Worlds for New," and seriously proposes that we should retrace our steps and go back to where the Industrial Revolution found us. But such a course puts a great strain on the imagination, and seems inconsistent with the strongest tendencies of moder life, in accord with which it becomes more intricate and its processes become more scientific and technical. Most people who deplore the human consequences of our high-speed industrial *regime* nevertheless look for the remedy not in the scrapping of our machines but in making them our servants rather than our masters.

This is the position now taken by the labor movement. There was a time when the workers rebelled angrily against man-displacing machines, and at first the British Government was inclined to support them. The gig-mill was prohibited in 1552 and 1555 by acts of Parliament, which also restricted the number of looms that one person might own.

But it would probably be hard to find now a labor organization with any such obstructionist purposes. Labor accepts as a matter of course the whole *regime* of machine production. There is no apparent desire among workingmen to go back to the days of the craft gilds. To be sure, the slowing down of machine processes by the workers and the limitation of output by both parties in industry are always live questions. But no representative spokesman for labor is ready to-day to advocate anything less than the full and efficient use of our national industrial plant. Mr. Gompers himself has put the matter thus: "The question of increased production is not a question of putting upon the toilers a more severe strain; it is a question of the elimination of outworn policies; a question of the introduction of the very best in machinery and methods of management."

But if we accept the material and mechanical accompaniments of the modern industrial system how can we escape the fundamental change in human relations within industry to which the new system has given rise? Here are tens of thousands of men in a single industry, whose industrial status is determined by the same employer or group of employers, whose homes are perforce located in the same congested communities, and whose social satisfactions are limited by the same stern necessity. Could we expect anything else than that they would develop what the sociologists call a "consciousness of kind"—or, in the current vernacular, "class-consciousness?"

What in reality is this labor movement which appears so aggressively upon the scene every now and then to interrupt the current of our peaceful industrial life? The public is, generally speaking, aware of labor unions only when there is a labor disturbance. The unions make a demand and threaten to stop work if it is not complied with, upon which the public assumes very much the attitude of King Ahab in the presence of Elijah, crying "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" The employer takes up the accusation and labor replies—to preserve the scriptural parallel—"I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house!" Thereupon ensues a bitter contest marked by constant recriminations, in which the effort to fix blame upon one group or the other often obscures the real cause of the disturbance. By the time peace is restored and production resumed, usually through the exhaustion of one side or the other, the public is weary of the whole matter and ready to forget it. Hence the labor union becomes synonymous in most people's minds with the labor strike.

This idea of labor unions is far from accurate, but there is a measure of truth in it which may as well be taken account of at the outset. The "fear psychology" which has characterized the labor movement has been conducive to aggression when opportunity offered, just as the French fear of German invasion has led France to initiate on her own part a course of aggressive harshness in disregard of her Allies. Labor leaders have for the most part been chosen with reference to the strategy of conflict and controversy, rather than for their wisdom and integrity. The labor organizer is not always an attractive figure or a factor of constructive peace. He has to be a sort of drummer whose main business it is to increase the organization membership. "Hence," say the Webbs in their notable History of Trade Unionism, "the greater part of the organizer's time is taken up in maintaining the enthusiasm of his members and in sweeping in the new converts. This involves constant traveling, and the whirl of excitement implied in the everlasting round of missions in non-union districts. The typical organizer of a labor union approximates, therefore, more closely than any other figure in the trade union world to the middle-class conception of a trade union official. He is, in fact, a professional agitator. He may be a saint or he may be an adventurer, but he is seldom a man of affairs." This is the testimony of the foremost authorities on trade unionism, recognized as such within the labor movement itself. It sounds strangely like what many employers say. It was written more than twenty-five years ago, but it is still probably not far from an accurate portrayal. There need be no argument about the defects and faults of labor organizers: the true friends of the movement admit them.

Having said this, however, we shall do well to recall the statement of the great English Quaker employer, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, who reminds us that so long as the British employers chose to fight the labor movement rather than to co-operate with it, British labor elected to leadership its best fighters; but after the employers abandoned belligerent tactics and took labor unionism for granted, labor in turn began to put forward diplomats and statesmen instead of fighters. Can any careful observer doubt that our situation in America is susceptible of the same analysis? We shall recur to this phase of the subject when we take up the question of the closed shop.

The fact is, however, that no labor union worthy of the name is interested chiefly in striking. Such an organization would be comparable to a nation that preferred war to peace as a matter of general practise. Striking is serious and painful and hazardous business. It is no part of a labor union's normal activity. Its very existence grows out of the necessity, from the workers' point of view, of keeping the wheels of industry turning and keeping the pay envelope filled.

The functions and activities of the labor union are many. In its simplest terms it is a social organization. The "local" is a club whose activities in normal times may be but little different from those of a fraternity chapter. Once established the local union might continue indefinitely without reference to its industrial program.

The organizing principle, however, of the trade union is insurance against unemployment and underpayment and a defense against long hours and overwork. It may be questioned whether the trade union movement would ever have become strong and articulate solely for aggressive purposes. As a well known student of trades unionism has said, "Rights grow out of wrongs and wrongs come first." The efforts of the unions during the war to raise their wages was for the most part an effort to resist a virtual reduction, that is to say, a lessening of purchasing power due to

generally rising prices. And the strikes following the war, during the period of deflation, were largely an effort to hold what labor felt had been earned by wartime efforts. It is a mistake to suppose that the unions uniformly demanded a continuance of "peak" wages when the cost of living was rapidly declining. In a multitude, probably the vast majority, of cases the unions accepted proportionate reductions without resistance.

The strike fund of the union is in reality an insurance fund. Indeed Professor Commons has recently advised labor to invest its money on a large scale in strike funds as the best form of insurance and a virtual guarantee against the necessity of striking.

The labor unions are organized in a manner not unlike our large ecclesiastical bodies. There is the local union known as "Local No. So-and-so," which may represent the craft or industry in question for a whole town or for a small area of a large city. Then comes the district organization, which has general supervision over and responsibility for the locals within its area. This is roughly comparable to the conference or presbytery or classis of our ecclesiastical organization, save that the districts are usually larger. Finally there is the national union, which is the supreme authority, and which operates in accord with a large body of constitutional law. Sometimes the union as a whole is known as the "international," but that means only that it has affiliations in Canada or Mexico; the great labor unions of America have no organic relations with those of other countries.

Another parallel to the form of church organization is found in the labor federation. The locals in a city, representing a great variety of trades and industries, may associate themselves in a Central Trades and Labor Council, and all such organizations may form a State Federation of Labor. These are inter-union organizations and they tend to effect harmony of purpose and unity of action. Each union, however, retains power over its own funds and the determination of its policy. The culmination of labor organization is in the American Federation of Labor, with which the great national unions, with a number of exceptions, are affiliated. The Federation, however, like the Federal Council of Churches, has no power over the policy of the units which compose it. It is a consultative body having very limited powers of action, but because of its representative character it is extremely influential and powerful.

A very important distinction in labor union theory must be recognized between "craft unionism" and "industrial unionism." The former type is trade unionism proper. It is the form approved by the American Federation of Labor and prevailing, though not exclusively, within it. In the craft union the workers of a single craft act as a unit and may or may not co-operate with the workers in another craft within the same industry. The industrial union, on the other hand, a type of which is found in the United Mine Workers of America, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, combines all the crafts and the "common labor" in the coal mining industry in a single strong national union. The advantage of this form of organization for certain forms of action is obvious. On the other hand, there is a strong preference among many American labor leaders for the craft principle. The subject relates itself closely to that of revolutionary labor movements which will occupy our attention later.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

Parable of the Moth in the Church Carpet

THERE was a Moth that had his home in the Sanctuary, and he lived long and was happy. For the place of his Habitation was between Two Tacks, in the edge of the Carpet, in an obscure little Angle where the stair ascendeth unto the Pulpit. And it would have been difficult to select a Finer Place of abode for a Moth of Sedentary Habits. And he never, never wandered from his own fireside, but whitened the Corner Where He was. That is to say, he wandered not until the time when this Chapter in his History Beginneth, and this Chapter is not a long one, and there will not be any Chapters after this. For that Moth is there no longer, and the place that knew him knoweth him no more.

Now this Moth was Serenely Happy; for the carpet was Fuzzy, and it was the Very Best Food a Moth could desire, and the Brushes of the Janitor came not nigh him.

And the Moth listened unto the Organ, and he thought the Musick was for his Edification, and he heard the Sermons and the Prayers, and so far as he knew they were addressed to him.

And he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there were Yards and Yards of Carpet, stretching down Long Aisles through the length of the Nave, and he looked unto the right hand and the left, and there was Carpet unto the utmost borders of the Transepts. And the lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places, and he had a goodly heritage.

But he waxed fat, and grew Conceited. And he said, Go to, now; I will explore mine Heritage: for, behold, all this is mine, and for me it hath been created.

And he crept out of his Corner, and started on a journey down the Center Aisle.

And when he had gotten out about an Inch and the half of an Inch, behold, the Janitor came along with a Vacuum Cleaner, and just what happened unto the Moth, he hath not yet clearly defined in his own mind. For he was sucked up with a strong wind, and pulled down an hollow rod, and blown down a rubber tube that led to an Iron Pipe into a Vat in the Basement, and buried deep in Dust. And while he meditated, the Janitor came, and opened the Vat, and thrust in a Shovel, and scooped up the Dust and shoveled it into the Blazing Fiery Furnace, and the Moth was in the Dust when this occurred. And the History of that Moth from that time on containeth nothing of importance. But there seldom hath been a Moth whose Future Prospects were more encouraging than that one, if he had not gotten a Swelled Head, and thought that he was Boss of the Whole Establishment.

Now the man who thinketh that the Universe was made for his own convenience would better stay in his own little corner of it; for if he getteth out where Important Things Occur, something is likely to happen either unto him or his theory.

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

Hal T. Kearns

The ninety-first annual sessions of the Connecticut Universalist Convention and Women's Universalist Missionary Society were held in Stamford Wednesday and Thursday, May 9 and 10.

The sessions opened with the Missionary Society Convention at 1.30 p. m. Wednesday. The reports showed a year of progressive activity and much good work accomplished. When one takes into consideration that there are only six active Mission Circles in this state it must be conceded that the Universalist women of Connecticut are accomplishing great things. All the activities of the national organization have been loyally and liberally supported.

Mrs. W. H. McGlauflin, first vice-president of the W. N. M. A., was the speaker of the occasion. Her address dealt with the work of the national organization and emphasized the need of a larger membership.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Maude B. Foster, Norwich; vice-president, Mrs. Maud Pickett, Berlin; secretary, Mrs. Louise W. Marble, Meriden; treasurer, Mrs. Emma B. Hubbard, New Haven; member of executive board, Mrs. Susan S. Bishop, Bridgeport.

The Church Convention was called to order at 4.45 p. m. Wednesday by the president, Mr. Charles G. Lincoln. Reports from the churches of the state revealed the fact that all are in a prosperous condition and are carrying out progressive programs.

The reports of the trustees of the Convention and State Superintendent showed that the officers of the Convention fulfil their duties in a conscientious and faithful manner and that the work of our Church has been greatly advanced as a result of their efforts during the past year.

Of special interest was the report of the Committee on Social Service and Justice. This committee has created, as part of the equipment of the Convention, a social service library in which all the latest books in this field are to be found. These books are loaned to ministers and laymen of the state and all expense involved is borne by the Convention. This library is being widely used.

Dr. A. W. Grose, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was on the program as the speaker for Wednesday evening, but was not able to be present. His place was taken by Dr. T. E. Potterton, of the same city, who spoke on "The Word for the Hour." The word proved to be "Go Forward," and Dr. Potterton uttered a ringing challenge to our Church to measure up to its opportunities. Best of all, he told us what those opportunities are and how we can fulfil them.

After being delightfully entertained over night in the homes of the Stamford people, we returned to the church on Thursday morning, for another season of spiritual refreshment. The Convention communion service was presided over by the Rev. F. A. Dillingham, D. D., of Bridgeport. This was followed by the occasional sermon by the Rev. A. N. Foster, of Norwich, who chose "The Vision and the Command of Prophecy" as his theme. It was a call to live the gospel we preach.

At the business session which followed, resolutions were adopted endorsing the work of the Anti-Saloon League and pledging support thereto; pledging co-operation in the work of the Near East Relief; and endorsing the proposal of President Harding that the United States become a member of the World Court.

The recommendations adopted outlined a progressive program for the coming year and pledged the support of all churches in the state to the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate home enterprise.

At the afternoon session, at which Miss Elizabeth Marshall spoke on the work of the General Sunday School Association, plans were discussed for the formation of a State Sunday School Association in Connecticut.

The entire Convention was full of the spirit of optimism and progress, and Connecticut enters a new year with a determination to outdo its past accomplishments.

Officers elected are: President, Edwin A. Tracy, Norwich; vice-president, W. T. Hemming, Stamford; secretary, Rev. T. A. Fischer, D. D., New Haven; treasurer, Herbert E. Belden, Hartford; trustee, Rev. H. B. Taylor, Meriden; Fellowship Committee, Rev. A. N. Foster, Norwich, secretary, Rev. R. H. McLaughlin, Hartford, L. L. Hubbell, Danbury. Place of next Convention, Hartford.

* * *

DEATH OF THE REV. EDWARD G. MASON, D. D.

The Rev. Edward Gilman Mason, D. D., died at his home in Muncie, Ind., Saturday, May 5, after a long illness.

Dr. Mason was born at Searsmont, Waldo County, Maine, July 7, 1869, the son of Joseph and Nancy Walker Mason. Two years later the family moved to Montville, Me., where they resided until their son was fourteen years of age. In 1889 he entered the Theological School at Canton, N. Y., and graduated in June, 1892. His first pastorate was in the Universalist church at Oakland, Me., and two months after accepting this place he was ordained to the Universalist ministry. Shortly after he was married to Miss Nettie Robertson, who died two years later.

On July 1, 1894, Dr. Mason became pastor of the Universalist church at Hightstown, N. J., where he remained seven and a half years. From 1902 until 1912 he was pastor of the First Universalist Church at Akron, O., and during his Akron pastorate, which was the longest in the history of that church, he was especially active in civic and charitable movements. He received the degree of D. D. from Buchtel College at Akron in 1909 and in 1912 gave the commencement address at the St. Lawrence University Theological School. While a resident of Akron he was president of the Akron Ministerial Association; trustee of Buchtel College (now the University of Akron), president of the Akron Camera Club and director of the Portage Path Canoe Club.

In February, 1912, Dr. Mason became pastor of St. John's Universalist Church of Muncie, which pastorate he held until obliged to relinquish it because of ill health in September, 1919. During this pastorate he was identified with many civic projects. He was chairman of the social service committee of the Chamber of Commerce and a director of the Associated Charities, and it was largely due to his efforts that the organized and voluntary charity work of the city were combined. He was a member of the Children's Home Board, director of the Humane Society, and at one time was president of the Delaware County Ministerial Association. For several years he was chairman of the boys' work committee of the Y. M. C. A. He established the hillside meetings held each year in the Muncie parks.

For several years he was a member of the National Executive Board of the Young People's Christian Union and at one time was editor of *Onward*. He served as secretary of the New Jersey Convention of Universalists and also as secretary of the Murray Grove Association at Good Luck, N. J.

He was a member of the Masonic Order, taking his Knight Templar degree in the St. Lawrence Commandery of Canton, N. Y., May 20, 1892. He was a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines. In April, 1918, Dr. Mason was married to Miss Emma Ottmer of Muncie, who survives him. Besides the widow, one son, Edward Gilman Mason, Jr., survives.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, May 8, in St. John's Universalist Church, of which he was pastor seven and one-half years. The service was conducted by the Revs. Harry Adams Hersey, pastor of the church, A. I. Spanton, of Akron, Ohio, and D. T. Stephenson, D. D., of Plainfield, N. J., formerly pastor of the High Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Muncie.

Mr. Hersey referred to Dr. Mason's denominational service, particularly in the early years of the Y. P. C. U., when he was a member of the National Executive Board and for a time editor of *Onward*. Mr. Hersey mentioned also the fact that Dr. Mason was the author of article four in our "Boston" statement of faith, "The certainty of just retribution for sin."

The church was filled with friends, representing the church, the city and the ministry. The body was laid to rest in the most beautiful spot in beautiful Beech Grove cemetery, by the side of Dr. Mason's mother and his first wife.

Home and Children

SOME DAY IN MAY

Katherine Wilder Ruggles

Some day in May—
When I have sat me down 'midst growing things;
Lifting my thoughts above the earth on happy wings;
I will begin to find what I have sought and say,
Oh, what a happy day in May!

Some day in May—
When I have soared above all tempting, trying things
That strove to crush my spirit—break my wings;
I will begin to feel my strength and say,
Oh, what a conquering day in May!

Some day in May—
When I have touched with trembling fingertips the strings
Of life's most painful, poignant things;
I will begin to hear a new sweet song and say,
I have found sympathy this day in May!

Some day, and soon—
When I have lived through everything
And kept my spirit high on happy wing—
I shall begin to find myself and all the world in tune,
And gladly enter into radiant June!

* * *

WIRELESS NOSEGAYS

Rose Brooks

NEW house is sold. Name's Alden." Peter settled himself in his chair in the shaded dining-room, and gave his news accumulated from a morning's play.

"That's good," said Mother, bringing in an egg salad and jelly-spread crackers. "When are they going to move in? Any children?"

"Three, but just one's a boy," said Peter, regretfully. "Move in this afternoon. We're going to watch."

"That I could guess without being told," said Mother. "So there'll be another boy on the hill; that makes ten. The two little girls will be lonely, I'm afraid, unless they like to play with boys."

"We don't want any girls," said Peter, with finality. "But we need another boy—two or three more."

"This neighborhood needs more boys?" asked Mother, in mock despair.

"Course. Don't all the real nines have substitutes?"

That ended the first conversation about the Aldens. Further than being glad that the pretty little gray house beyond the oaks was to be a home for some family, Mrs. Martin forgot the matter until in mid-afternoon she happened to look out the north sewing-room window and saw nine familiar little figures perched on the stone wall opposite the gray house, like sparrows on a telegraph wire. Her eyes lingered on the hatless row—brown heads, tow heads, one red head, she knew them every one.

"Inseparables!" she murmured happily, and added out of the wisdom gathered from long intimacy with small boys: "I hope they'll accept the new boy promptly, without too much initiation. If he's the right kind of boy, they will, too," her thoughts went on, knowing full well that if a boy is rejected by his playfellows it is the fault of the boy.

"Mother!" Peter banged the front door shut about five o'clock, and, according to his custom, demanded immediate audience.

"Upstairs," Mother called back, and immediately muffled steps came up the stairs, nine pairs of feet in sneakers.

"Mother," Peter began as he came into the sewing room, followed by eight small boys as grimy as himself, "they've moved in. And Mr. Alden drove the family up 'bout half an hour after the last furniture load came, and he left Warren—that's the new boy's name—in the car for half an hour before he took him in. And he was all alone in the car, and we sort of walked over and got 'quainted."

"To be sure," assented Mother, grave as Peter. "But I thought you said the boy was ten or eleven like the rest of you. How did he happen to sit quiet in the car all that time?"

"Lame," said all the boys in unison, and every voice was troubled.

"Lame," repeated Peter, dejectedly. "Can't walk a bit. But he hasn't always been, and he isn't going to be always,—he said the doctor said so. We got 'quainted by asking him if he had a wireless, and he hasn't." Though Peter was the only possessor of a wireless, the set was of equal interest to the other eight.

This time Mother's voice was unfeignedly grave as she answered: "Lame! Oh, what a pity—with these woods and fields at his very back door!"

Silently the boys nodded as they looked out on their familiar playgrounds. "Anyway I'm glad you lost no time in getting acquainted," she went on cheerfully. "Maybe his mother will be glad to have you all go in to see him."

"She said so," spoke up Dick.

"She came out to the car when Mr. Alden came out to carry Warren in," supplemented Billy.

"And she said Warren was going to be out on the sleeping-porch all of every day, and she was glad there were lots of boys, and would we come as often as we could and play sitting-down games with him. Said we couldn't come too often to suit her!"

"And we said we would. If he's going to be on the sleeping-porch, we needn't bother to ring every time. We can shinny up the pillars," furnished Peter.

"No," Mother's voice was firm. "In and out the door you go, like civilized boys, not like monkeys." That ended the conversation about the Alden family for that day.

Next morning Mother looked out the kitchen window as she washed the breakfast dishes and saw the familiar nine closely grouped under the maple-tree, deep in unwonted serious conversation. Suddenly, as if controlled by one spring, all hopped up and made for the kitchen porch.

"Mother!" called Peter.

"Close at hand," came Mother's quiet answer as the nine trooped in. "Mother, we want a big pasteboard box and a lot of tinfoil—you save every bit

that comes around yeast-cakes, don't you?—and some thread and scissors and a sponge."

Mother gave directions: some feet went upstairs, some down cellar; and presto! all the things were on the kitchen table.

"We're going to Fisher's," announced Peter. "We'll be back by lunch-time. But I won't have much time for lunch to-day, 'cause soon as we're back we'll be busy in Dick's cellar, and after that we'll be busy prob'ly all the afternoon."

"All right," said Mother, wisely abstaining from questions. "If only I had spring vacation, too, I'd go with you."

"Mother!" Peter announced his return shortly after noon. "Lunch ready, Mother?"

"It'll be on the table by the time you're clean," said Mother, giving Peter one look of despair. "Still there, under the dirt, aren't you, Peter?"

"Columbines are out, over at Fisher's," remarked Peter, drinking his milk. "And anemones and wild cherry and violets, and some pink things, and little ferns"—

"Why, Peter, I didn't know you boys were botanists! Why this sudden flowering expedition?"

"You wait and see," said Peter, mysteriously.

Wait Mother did, for perhaps an hour, when the bell rang three times, Peter's signal when he found the door locked.

"It isn't locked. Try again!" called Mother from the window, looking down at the nine, their faces washed, bearing the pasteboard box that had satisfied their request of the morning.

"We'd like you to come down, please," called back Peter, in tones of such aloof courtesy that Mother ran down the stairs laughing, though her face was solemn as she opened the door and greeted them with—"Why, how do you do? Won't you come in? And what have you in the box?"

At that moment Dick was box-bearer. He lifted the cover and said, "Would you like one? Five cents apiece. And fresh. You can see they're sprinkled, and we've got the wet sponge with us if they get dry."

"How sweet!" said Mother. "Of course I want one—no, I mean three. They're the first spring flowers to come into the house."

The nine beamed, and Peter looked proud of his mother. "This is the first house we've come to," said Dick, selecting three nosegays. "Are these three all right? We wrapped up the stems in tinfoil, way they do at the florists," he added importantly.

"Now what are they up to?" mused Mother, as she unloosed the tight little nosegays and put stems in water. "I hope Peter'll tell me when he goes to bed."

Not once did Peter come in all afternoon, but Mother caught glimpses of the nine making frequent trips to Dick's cellar, evidently their base of supplies.

It was a sleepy Peter who went up to bed after supper. "Guess how much we made?" he asked, unlacing one sneaker.

"Seventy cents," Mother guessed.

"Dollar and five cents. We gathered lots this morning and there are lots more. We're going to make ten dollars this vacation. Warren's got ten saved up, and he says he doesn't want to ask his father for the other ten. He says 'cause his father has to pay so many doctor bills for him. Course he doesn't know we're doing it—Warren, I mean. And I can do all the wiring, you know, and that saves lots. Sets all wired cost lots more."

"Oh!" said Mother, now entirely enlightened. "Could he have it out on the porch so he could listen in any time?"

"In the corner, near the door," said Peter. "The corner near the head of his bed. He sleeps out there, too, you know. He knows the whole code now."

"I've enjoyed those wild-flowers so much to-day," said Mother. "But do you know they're a little wilted already? I'd like to have them in the house while they last. Three bunches every morning, that's what I'd like."

"You would!" Peter cuddled happily into his pillow and listened drowsily to Mother's and Father's voices belowstairs.

"Oh, by the way, Peter," said Father, carelessly, at breakfast next morning, "you boys never take jobs by the gang, do you? I want the back yard raked clean and the leaves raked out of the barberry hedge and burned. Dollar for the job."

"Well, I guess!" said Peter, and with a shining look at Mother he vanished and a moment later his shrill whistle summoned the members of his clan.

"Dick's mother wants three bunches a day, too, and every single other mother wants some every day," announced a radiant Peter at luncheon. "And the fathers all want jobs done, just the way Father did."

"Spring work," said Mother, to allay possible suspicions. "You boys are getting big enough to be trusted to do it."

"We're going to do flowers mornings, and back yards afternoons," said Peter. "Ours this afternoon. We'll have more'n ten dollars, so we can get a better set. Can't we just shinny up the pillars with the parts when we get them? So it'll be a s'prise for Mrs. Alden? I can wire it all up in one afternoon."

"Well," agreed Mother.

John and Alan were detailed to string the aerial because they could climb like sailors. Peter did the wiring, and the other six were general errand boys. Saturday they chose for their operations, and as chance favored them by calling Mrs. Alden to town for the day, there was no need for shinnying up pillars with apparatus in their teeth, after all. Not a thing went askew, and that evening—well, can you imagine what happiness was on the sleeping-porch when Peter, slipping the phones off his ears, said, "She works!" and when music and stories and clicked messages came out of the air?

Yes, of course all the nine were there, clustered around Warren as if he had always been one of them selves. Also, the two sisters were there, though little noticed!—and Mr. and Mrs. Alden, and finally all the mothers and fathers of the nine because Mrs. Alden sent the nine home for them!

"We didn't know there was such a neighborhood!" Mrs. Alden greeted her guests. "To think of these boys doing all this for a stranger! I don't know whether he should accept so much."

"You'll make nine boys very unhappy if he doesn't," said Dick's mother. "And no boy is a stranger to other boys, if he's a real boy."

"Mother!" The familiar summons rang through

the house about a week later; and in answer to Mother's "Back porch!" nine boys scampered in that direction.

"We just met Dr. Saunders," began Peter, excitedly. "He stopped and asked us were we Warren's wireless friends and we said we were, and what do you think he said, Mother?"

"Can't imagine. Do be quick!"

"He said," Peter gave no one else a chance at the tale, "that the wireless is keeping Warren so busy and happy that maybe he'll be walking in three months 'stead of six!"

"What he said!" came the chorus.

"Said we were better doctors than he is!" Peter's voice resumed.

"What he said!"

"And I have an enormous pitcher of lemonade for the best happiness doctors in the world!" said Mother, joyously. "Who thought up the wireless nosegays, anyway?"

"Oh, everybody," said the nine, absently, sipping cool lemonade luxuriously through the straws Mother always provided.

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* * *

BLACK BREAD ON THE WATERS

The good that men do is not always interred with their bones, and when Willy Hatzmann, German soldier and humanitarian, was assigned to the "Camp of Despair" he left behind him a memory that was one day to serve him in good stead. The camp was situated not far from the German front lines, and, by orders of the German High Command, no parcels were permitted the prisoners. The discipline was so drastic and the treatment of the captives so brutal that many of them actually welcomed death, and it is a matter of record, we are told, that in this German prison-camp there remained within a few months but 700 men out of 1,500 imprisoned. Brutal treatment and starvation had accounted for the others. One day Trooper Harry Deacon, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, a Toronto amateur baseball player, who suffered the ill-fortune to be taken prisoner, became one of its inmates. Shortly after came Under-Officer Hatzmann, and a spirit of humanity began to manifest itself. Hatzmann couldn't improve the rations, which consisted solely of black bread and barley water, on which the prisoners were expected to put in ten to twelve hours' work a day; but he could close an eye and become deaf on occasion. One evening, so the story runs, Trooper Deacon broke camp and pilfered a few potatoes from a near-by patch. Hatzmann encountered the Canadian on the latter's way back. Strange to say, the German didn't discipline the Allied soldier or threaten him with punishment, but endorsed his action, sadly admitting that he knew the "Englanders" were sick and hungry. He did more. He became totally blind when prisoners broke camp to get to the potato patch, and there was less necessity for comforting the stomach by tightening the belt. Finally Hatzmann was called on to return to the front. When he left a document unique in the annals of war was given him by the Canadian soldier he had befriended. As we quote it from the *New York World*, which receives the story from its Toronto correspondent, the letter runs thus:

September 5, 1918.

To my Comrades:

I wish to write a line or two to state that if by any chance this German soldier, Willy Hatzmann, is captured by any of you boys, I hope you will use him in a very gentlemanly manner, for I and my few boy chums here can honestly say that while under his care he has treated us all the very best, and when food has been scarce he always saw that we got our share and perhaps a little more.

This fellow is one of the best Germans we have met, and we all hope that if he should ever have the luck to be taken by any of the Allies that he will be well looked after and given a good job. He is a very good cook and barber.

The boys whom he has been so good to wish to sign their names and addresses and hope that you will notify our people that we are doing all right and not to worry.

That was the last Trooper Deacon heard of Under-Officer Hatzmann until recently, when he received a letter from his friend. The only address Hatzmann had was Deacon's rank and name and Canada, so that the letter was on its way three months before it reached the Canadian ex-trooper. For his own identification Hatzmann enclosed his photograph and a copy of the document he had received from Deacon in 1918. The letter speaks of the tribulation which has fallen on part of the German population, and is a grim reminder of what the French and Belgians were forced to endure during the four years of the war. It follows:

Luberck, Germany.
December 15, 1922.

Dear Sir:

If this letter will come into your hands, you will be very astonished to receive a letter from Germany. But you must know my name, and therefore I add, too, a photograph for legitimation (identification) and letter you have written the 5th of September, 1918, in the German camp of prisoners of war in Etreuse, France.

Do you remember of the German soldier who tried to lighten your life of imprisonment and who was always willing to take care for your being well? Those time I was very sorry to disconnect me from you, because we had lived in best friendship. Therefore, in my life, this time will be always one of the most beautiful remembrances of war.

I hope and wish that you have reached happily your home, and to be glad your wholesome. I also returned to my home. But how?

Four long and black-dirt years have passed and the misery in my fatherland is always on the growing; and all this, because we must own the mentation of guilt of the Treaty of Versailles!

The want of employment and hunger vile haughtily. The dollars plays first fiddle and the German marks has no value. One struggles for life and death against the situation. I should be as bright as a bee at a sign of life and a photograph of you.

I will finish now, and I hope that my few lines will get in your dear hands.

With the most heartiest greets for you and your dear family, I am, your most affectionate,

Willy Hatzmann.

One of these mornings when Hatzmann opens his mail he will find a registered letter bearing a Toronto postmark. Enclosed he will find the equivalent of $10, or about 350,000 marks. Next month he will receive a similar letter, and, says the *World* correspondent, "perhaps every month indefinitely." The donors are ex-Trooper Deacon and a few of his ex-soldier comrades who are now employed as clerks in the Toronto City Hall.—*Literary Digest.*

* * *

AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION

Dorothy liked to play hookey, but had difficulty in doing so, because every time she was absent from school teacher sent a note to mother. One day she decided to see if she could not do away with this. So she got teacher on the telephone, and, disguising her voice as best she could, said: "Dorothy will not be at school to-day. She is not well."

"Oh, that's all right," said teacher. "Who is this speaking?"

Poor Dorothy, surprised by the unexpected question, said, "This is my mother."—*Continent.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

May 20. Morning, Newberry, S. C. Evening, Feasterville, S. C.
May 21. Athens, Ga.
May 22. Canon, Ga.
May 25. Atlanta, Ga.
May 27. Winder, Ga.
June 3. DeFuniak Springs, Fla.
June 4. Hamburg, Fla.
June 30. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Woodstock.

* *

MOVING ON TO MUNCIE

Both East and West are turning their eyes toward Muncie, where the annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union will be held July 11-17. For a Mid-West convention it is going to be a large one, and, with the exception of the week-end crowd, is likely to be as large as last summer's gathering in Worcester.

The chief reason of this is that the Mid-West Unioners think of distance not as an obstacle, but simply as something to be traversed. Like Lady Gay in "London Assurance," they ask, "Were not hedges and ditches created for leaps?"

Minneapolis is six hundred miles from Muncie, but the members of the Union in Tuttle Church are planning to motor down, with nearly one hundred per cent present. Akron, Ohio, not quite so far away, is planning to do almost the same. Illinois and Indiana will also have large delegations.

Even in staid old New England the spirit is moving. Maine will have a delegation of three or four, instead of the one who went to Chicago two years ago. Massachusetts will send a larger number this year.

In no small measure this is due to a growing appreciation on the part of the older people of the Church of the importance of these conventions in training the young people for leadership. Any one who wants to have a largely attended session of the General Convention in 1943 can help by seeing that the young people go to Muncie next July.

Muncie Plans

The local committee on arrangements is busily at work, and its plans are well in hand. Special attention has been given to the selection of Convention Mothers and Big Brothers, so that the young people will have those to whom they can as readily go for advice and help as if they were at home. Mrs. W. C. Caldwell, of the Board of the Women's National Missionary Association, is chairman of this committee, and Convention Mother in Chief.

At least one special car from Boston will be provided, and most of the New England delegation will join this party along the way. A day will be spent at Niagara Falls on the westward journey.

The Muncie Convention will be well cared for, and there need be no hesitancy in letting the young people attend.

* *

WESTERN VISITS

Before and after my visit to Muncie I stopped at several places in Illinois and Indiana. Urbana, Ill., is always a good place to visit: it is a good town, with a good church, which has a good minister, who has a good family, and there is a good Union there, two of whose members are the president and secretary of the state organization. Rev. Ray Cranmer has made a large place for himself in the hearts and lives of the people, both young and old.

In Galveston, Ind., steps were taken looking toward the organization of a Junior Union, and the next day, Sunday, the young people of this church and Salem church gathered at Pleasant Valley for an all-day meeting, with dinner at the church. A Senior Union was formed here a few months ago. Rev. Willard O. Bodell has been pastor of these three churches for about a year, and every one is happy.

* *

BACK IN NEW ENGLAND

A few days after my return I had opportunity to visit the Union of the Second Church in Springfield, Mass., which was holding its annual banquet and election. This is the Union that won the State Efficiency Contest last year, and is making strenuous efforts to hold the honor. Probably two delegates will go from this Union to the Muncie Convention, and about eighteen will journey to Ferry Beach.

Sunday morning was spent in Fitchburg, where Rev. Francis W. Gibbs has been introducing his people to the denominational work by having one of the field workers in his pulpit on one Sunday in each month. That is a course that is possible only within a restricted area, but it is something that every church ought to undertake to as great an extent as possible, taking full advantage of any visits by denominational officials to learn how the machinery of the church works, and what it is doing.

The Fitchburg Union, which is also a close contender in the State Efficiency Contest, is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the Massachusetts Y. P. C. U. Convention, Oct. 12-14.

Last Sunday evening I visited Beacon Church in Brookline, where Rev. Fred A. Moore has been in charge for five months, and where the results of his work are already apparent. First steps were taken toward the organization of a Union among the young people, to take the place of the one which was maintained for years by an older group, and which went out of existence about two years ago. The new Union will have worthy traditions of loyalty to live up to, for the group that has passed beyond the usual Y. P. C. U. age rendered valiant service.

Boston weather is so chilly, I have decided to start for Florida to-morrow to spend the rest of the winter.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, May 10.

For the Quiet Hour

With ownership goes responsibility. Yes, in the sight of God we stockholders may now be held accountable for the doings of corporations in which we hold stock. With ownership go both responsibility and opportunity.

Roger W. Babson.

The man who consecrates the hours of business as truly as the hours of prayer, and carries on his secular calling as the servant of Christ, is safeguarded against the incitements to evil that beset other men; and there is no sure defense beside this.

A. W. W. Dale.

And that is like things as they really are. Love goes on forever, but pain only at times—just enough to remind you.

Alfred Ollivant.

So it is ever with the Divine word. However appearances may be to the contrary, and however long the delay, the laws of God are immutable, their result inevitable. Two things are specially observable in the natural world, its sureness and slowness; and these are not less the characteristics of the moral. No slackness, looseness or forgetfulness has any place in the government of God.

W. L. Watkinson.

What did Christ ever care for genius or wealth, or mere education, apart from the grand elementary qualities of faith, hope and love? Nobody has ever established a corner in these qualities. Yet the true and only aristocracy in the world is the aristocracy that possesses these greatest things.

Silvester Horne.

"Happy are the poor in spirit." Because poverty of spirit is a beautiful and valuable thing? Nothing of the sort. The gain is not in poverty, but in the things the poverty leads to, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Percy C. Ainsworth.

The first step toward unity is humility; without that there will be no meekness, no patience or forbearance: and without these no unity. Pride and passion break the peace and make all the mischief. Humility and meekness restore the peace and keep it.

Matthew Henry.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS' CONFERENCE

The eleventh annual conference of Southern Mountain Workers, held in Knoxville, Tenn., on April 4, 5 and 6, has passed into history. The program was even more varied and helpful than last year. It plainly showed how all agencies at work in the Southern Mountains, whether religious, educational, social, civic, medical or industrial, are correlating themselves to the one great end of self-help and the spirit of brotherliness. The happy faces and fraternal spirit of all workers contributed largely to the help of this gathering.

The one representative of the one Universalist mountain movement was most cordially introduced to the conference and asked to "say her say." Experts from South, North, East and West contributed to the instruction and inspiration of the sessions. Miss Powell was the house guest of the Dean of Women at the University of Tennessee. During the week she was given two teas with the privilege of "talking" at both. One was given by the Dean, and one by the University group of the Sigma Kappa Sorority of which Miss Powell is a member.

At the former it was a great privilege to meet and talk with Mrs. Alberta G. Scott, who, with her husband, the Rev. Alva R. Scott, is ably leading the Unitarian church at Knoxville. The Universalist representative also spoke on the same program with Mrs. Martha P. Falconer of New York City at a dinner of the Business and Professional Women's Club.

A distinctly pastoral function was an over-night visit out in the country to the first Inman's Chapel bride since the present pastorate began. It is hard to tell which part of the week will most contribute to future knowledge and courage of heart. Its delegate most heartily thanks the W. N. M. A. for this busy but delightful leave of absence. And the welcome home was best of all. "We sure have done and missed you while you were out yonder."

* *

MISS POWELL WRITES

The following was not written for publication by Miss Powell, but is part of a letter sent by her to one of our Universalist women. The news it contains we felt would be of interest to others, so we have taken the liberty of adding it here.

"In regard to the box of clothing—I hope it may include a few white dresses, etc., not necessarily new, to help make our dear girls from three to thirteen ready for Children's Sunday. Very simple things will do, but I would so like to see them in white this year, as we will make an event of the day. It will not be until Miss Graham arrives to help with the music, probably the first of July. Our children are lovely to look at and very satisfactory to work with.

"We are also planning quite a celebration on May 30. In connection with it we do a job of cleaning up the cemetery and our church lawn. Yesterday at Sunday school a man whose five children are all members (he is a Methodist, but his wife is a Universalist) offered to drill with the boys on May 30 'if I wished.' I did wish! This morning comes an invitation for me to take supper at his house to talk it over. If I had always had as much volunteer help in some of my 'regular' pastorates as I have had here (although not always efficient help) I might not be in the mountains.

"Last evening at a largely attended church service we had a breath of the unusual which we all need—an unexpected visit from an artist, Mrs. Philip St. Gaudens, and her son Paul, studying pottery at Candler in the Omar Khayyam Pottery, twenty miles from here. They are friends of the Canfields and 'found me out.' Both spoke to our people, one on Internationalism, one on Pottery, and all listened.

"I had been bidden up 'little East Fork,' the eastern branch of the Pigeon River, for Sunday supper in a very large family where I had never been for a meal. I took my guests right along, knowing that my hostess would feel proud to have me bring them. She did, and such a delicious supper! The *piece de resistance* was mountain trout, caught by Calvin and Charlie as a special tribute to the 'preacher.' I hope some day to be able to attain the poise and unconsciousness of these mountain sisters who never apologize for the lack of anything and who are very charming thereby."

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE QUESTIONERS AT CRANE

The divinity students at Crane are awake. That is what I like about them. I went out the other day to give them an address and to answer (or consider) such questions as they cared to ask. Questions! Some one asked one and before I could reply there were three others, and the same ratio was continued throughout the session. My little address is absolutely unused and uninjured; but we got acquainted and I think we all enjoyed ourselves. Those are promising students. Give me anything but a dead man in the class-room. I hope these future ministers will continue to ask questions about religious education and I pray that they may find answers more satisfactory than any man now living can give.

* *

MONTHLY MEETINGS AT MARSEILLES

Let it be known to every one that the Sunday school at our important church in Marseilles, Ill., after having quite discouraging experiences, is making rapid gains in all lines. It is following a plan which the General Association has recommended in many places. Mrs. E. M. Minor writes: "We hold monthly meetings of the teachers and officers which we feel are a great help. On Friday evening before the first Sunday of each month we meet at the church, have a pot luck supper, and then hold a business meeting. Reports are given by the secretary and treasurer. Then we have a 'question box' and discuss ways and means for a better Sunday school. We feel these meetings are not only pleasant but profitable."

WHY THE TELEGRAPHER LEFT TOWN

"B. L. T.," most gifted and famous of column conductors, used to print paragraphs on "Why the Editor Left Town" and "Why the Proofreader Left Town." He might have had similar items at the expense of the telegraphers, who certainly do make some queer blunders.

The other day we received by wire a request for twenty-five copies of "The Weakness of Unending Life." Miss Earle said "Witnesses," and her title has been considered very effective.

* *

THE FOUR HORSEMEN

It takes a live American boy to produce a picturesque description. One of our brightest lads in Little Falls, New York, gave this account of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse:" "There was a chap named 'War' and a chap named 'Famine' and two other guys on horseback." Without a doubt that boy knew as much about the play as any adult in the audience.

* *

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

The Daily Vacation Bible School at East Boston, Mass., will be continued this year and it is expected that there will be another in Charlestown. In the latter case there is to be co-operation from some of the other denominations in the community.

Undoubtedly we have a good many other Vacation Schools in various parts of the country. It would be helpful if the managers would report them. We are glad to furnish literature and give counsel to any one desiring to organize a school.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Mary L. Hadley, field worker for the Maine State Convention, may be addressed until further notice at Canton, Maine.

The Elgin (Ill.) *Daily Courier* of May 1 gives more than three columns of space to a report of a sermon by Dr. Frank Durword Adams on "The Rediscovery of Hell"—a sermon which the headlines call "extraordinary."

Indiana

Muncie.—Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, pastor. The pastor's statistical report at the postponed annual meeting showed that the past year has been one of intense activity in this church. We have, besides church and Sunday school, senior and junior Y. P. C. U., Mission Circle, Clara Barton Guild and Flower Circle. Two hundred services or meetings of auxiliary societies were held in the church buildings, besides many at private houses, last year. The Sunday school still remains "standard" and at "efficiency goal." The Y. P. C. U. is making great preparations for the National Convention in July. Dr. Lowe was with us April 12 and "Stanley" on April 26. Our women have promised $1,000 towards church renovation and there are in addition several hundred dollars on this account from the Easter offering. We are denominationally active. Mrs. Caldwell represents us in the W. N. M. A. Miss De Young is State Y. P. C. U. secretary. Mr. Doran is a trustee of the State Convention, and Mr. Greely a trustee of the Delos Thompson Home at Waldron. On May 6, when several men were attending a special Masonic service elsewhere, a survey of the congregation showed that of fifty-seven persons present 33 per cent were males and 32 per cent young people. The church continues to function helpfully and notably in the life of the community. On May 5 we lost our former pastor, Rev. Edward Gilman Mason, D. D., who served this church from 1912 to 1919 and who resigned because of illness. He was an able and efficient minister and citizen, widely known and loved throughout the city.

Massachusetts

East Boston.—Under the direction of the State Superintendent, Dr. Coons, the East Boston church, which has been closed for several years, has been opened for regular Sunday preaching services. A Sunday school maintains its weekly sessions with an average attendance of thirty. The Boy Scouts act in the capacity of janitor and have the church each Sunday in fine condition for the services. Thus far some of our younger men have been the preachers. William D. Veazie and O. W. Eames, students at Crane Theological School, and Granville Hicks, editor of *Onward*, have been the pulpit supplies upon three Sundays. On Sunday, May 20, Rev. Arthur Mercer of Cambridge will be the preacher. On Children's Sunday, June 10, Dr. Huntley will conduct the service and christen a group of children.

Oxford.—The executive committee of the Massachusetts Convention is arranging to open the Oxford church during the summer for regular Sunday services.

Provincetown.—Arrangements have been made by which Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., will conduct Sunday services in this church during the month of June and on the first Sunday in July. Beginning on July 8, Rev. Wallace W. Rose of Rochester, New York, will be the summer minister as on previous years.

Haverhill.—As part of the observance of the hundredth anniversary of this church, held on Sunday and Monday, May 6 and 7, Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., our former minister, christened a group of eighteen babies and received a class of twenty-one into the membership of the church.

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. This church has been very busy since the Easter services, which were very successful in every way. The Dramatic Club presented their annual play, "And Billy Disappeared," to a crowded house with corresponding results financially. The April Sunday school teachers' luncheon was addressed by Prof. W. O. Warmingham of Boston University. Three of our teachers have studied under Professor Warmingham. The annual roll call and fellowship supper was largely attended, and the address of Superintendent Coons was most helpful and inspiring. Many said, "The best roll call ever." At the May Samaritan Dr. Lowe was our guest, and so aroused and inspired the goodly number present that a most commendable and encouraging beginning was made on the Roxbury quota for the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House Campaign. Our latest gathering was a party for the Cradle Roll babies and the kindergarten, at which Mrs. Chamberlain was present to speak to the mothers. The pastor has been giving a series of post-Lenten sermons on the general topic, "Visions of the Risen Saviour." The illustrated lectures given since Nov. 1 closed April 29. They have been well attended and have given fine satisfaction. Our church was the gathering place of the Greater Boston Club of Dexter, Maine, people May 4. About 160 former Dexter people enjoyed their annual "Get-together." Woman's Day was most successfully observed for the first time in this church. Members of the local church, the president of the Mission Circle presiding, conducted the entire service. The pastor became a parishioner for the day. The speaker was Miss Laurine Freeman of Saugus, and her message was most helpful and was listened to attentively by all present.

Michigan

Grand Rapids.—Our church is getting on its feet again. The people are now a unit on the policy of going forward as a Universalist church. Monthly suppers are served by the ladies at which true fellowship flows as electricity from a powerhouse. The suppers are followed by preaching services, conducted by the Rev. G. H. Ashworth of Lansing. The Women Workers' Society holds regular business meetings and the membership is steadily growing. Mission boxes are used by those who desire to extend a helping hand to the missionary policies of the Convention. At the last preaching service two united with the church. By unanimous vote at a parish meeting held recently $300 was voted to the Perin-Cate House and Washington Memorial, and the Women Workers' Society is acting as a finance committee to raise a sum sufficient to carry the church over the top.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pastor. Services are held every Sunday morning with a good attendance. The Sunday of April 29 was observed in the church school as Woman's Day. A fine program had been arranged by the superintendent. The Clara Barton Guild gave the statistics, grouping the different branches of the work. A pageant, "Called by the Hopeless," by Maud Lyon Cary, was given by two ladies and two young men of the school. The church school held a food sale and realized $32.50. In the *Leader* of April 28 is an article entitled "A Wise Suggestion." The pastor of our church has advocated this to many in the church. Mr. Carritt states that the Universalist Church is a Missionary Church and that every woman in the church should be a member of the Missionary Society working for one cause. This is his theory, and he would like to see this suggestion carried out.

Canandaigua.—Rev. J. L. Everton, pastor. A large attendance and an interesting address by Mrs. Maud H. Reed of Watertown, state president of the Universalist Woman's Missionary Society, featured services in this church in observance of Woman's Day. Mrs. Reed outlined the work of the National Missionary Society, including the work already accomplished and plans for the future. She also gave brief sketches of the lives of three pioneer women who founded the organization. Mrs. Ephraim Metcalf presided at the service. Mrs. J. L. Everton of Victor read the Scripture and offered prayer and Mrs. O. F. Alvord of Baptist Hill gave a vocal selection. Members of

the Victor parish joined in the service. Mrs. Reed's husband, Dr. H. W. Reed, former president of the State Convention, was present at the service. Dr. Reed has been on leave of absence from his pastorate at Watertown owing to illness, and is at present convalescing at Clifton Springs sanitarium.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,084
Albion, N. Y.	10
Clarendon, N. Y.	6
Portsmouth, N. H.	4
Muncie, Ind.	2
Grand Rapids, Mich.	2
Haverhill, Mass.	21
Woonsocket, R. I.	24
Total	1,153

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 72. Haverhill, Mass., 18. Total, 90.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The Boston Ministers' Meeting on May 21 will be held in Packard Hall at Tufts College at 10 a. m., and will take the form of a round table conference. Lunch will be served.

* *

FUN AT MURRAY GROVE

There will be a lot of it, good, clean fun for both old and young. Miss Alfreda Cary, who has had special training for such work, will be recreational director and will have the counsel and assistance of her mother, Rev. Maude Lyon Cary.

No doubt the cries for "Alfreda" will be as frequent and as fervent as a year ago were those for "Dorothy."

* *

Notices

UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 89th annual meeting of the Universalist Historical Society will be held at the Beacon Universalist Church, Brookline, Mass., on Tuesday, May 22, at 2.30 p. m. Annual reports will be received, followed by election of officers and of new members.

Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., will speak on Elhanan Winchester, pioneer Universalist in Philadelphia. Cars will then be taken to the ancient house in Brookline, at Heath and Hammond streets, where in 1751 Winchester was born.

To both meetings the public is invited.

Hosea S. Ballou, *President.* *Warren B. Brigham,* *Secretary.*

* *

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MT. AUBURN

The Young People's Christian Unions of Greater Boston and the Universalist Men's Club of Boston will conduct their annual Memorial Service at Mt. Auburn on Sunday, May 27, at 3.30 p. m. A very fine program has been arranged. After the service in front of the Sphinx, the graves of twenty-seven Universalist ministers will be decorated.

* *

UNIVERSALIST LEADERS WANTED

The Publishing House would be glad to receive copies of the *Leader* for Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24, March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and April 7, 14 and 21 from subscribers who do not wish to keep them.

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 22. Universalist Historical Society, annual meeting, Brookline.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Frank W. Powell has been transferred to Texas. License to preach for one year granted to O. Whitman Eames, Gordon C. Reardon, Charles A. Heney, William D. Veazie. Ordained clergyman's licenses have been granted to Llewelyn A. Owens, and Walter W. Wolfe.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The annual meeting of the Universalist Sabbath Union will be held, May 23, at the Charlestown Universalist Church.

General Business Meeting 5.30 p. m. Reports and Election of Officers. Banquet, 6.30, fifty cents. (All attending must notify the director of their school not later than May 20.)

Evening program at 7.30. Remarks by the retiring president, and the new president. Mrs. Stella M. Cushing will speak about the new Sunday School Hymnal. Speaker of the evening, Rev. Frank M. Swaffield of West Somerville Baptist Church.

* *

ANNUAL MEETING—RHODE ISLAND W. U. M. A.

The fifteenth annual Convention of the Women's Universalist Missionary Association of Rhode Island will be held Thursday, May 24, at 10.30 a. m., at the Church of the Mediator, Cranston Street, Providence. A 35-cent lunch will be served.

The afternoon session will open at 2 o'clock and the morning and afternoon meetings will include, besides the annual reports, good speakers on Missionary work. Let this be a rally day for Universalist women of Rhode Island.

Laura E. Hoag, Secretary.

* *

IOWA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The 81st annual session of the Iowa Universalist Convention, with the Y. P. C. U., the W. U. M. S., the Sunday School Association and the Comrades, will be held in Webster City, June 12, 13 and 14, beginning Tuesday, June 12, at 1.30 p. m.

The Convention consists of all clergy in fellowship and the officers of the Convention. Each parish is entitled to five lay delegates, and one additional delegate for each twenty-five members, and one delegate from each auxiliary.

Entertainment on the Harvard plan.

A cordial invitation is extended by the Webster City parish and pastor, Rev. Geo. Wood. Inform him of your coming and your entertainment will be provided.

O. G. Colegrove, Secretary.

Obituary

Mrs. Addie M. Stockwell

Mrs. Addie M. Stockwell, widow of the late Frank M. Stockwell, died April 25, 1923, at the home of her son, Rev. Frank M. Stockwell, in Buffalo, N. Y,

Mrs. Stockwell was a woman of energy and ability. having held positions of responsibility and trust. Her last position was as superintendent of the Girls' Dormitory at St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y.

It was during her labors there that her health failed; and she went to Buffalo to make her home with her son and his wife, in 1919. The family soon united with and became loyal workers in Grace Universalist Church. Mrs. Stockwell was an earnest worker in the Church Aid Society and the Charlotte Cheney Morrell Mission Circle.

Mrs. Stockwell is survived by her only son, Rev. Frank M. Stockwell, his wife and one little granddaughter.

The funeral services were held in the chapel of the Buffalo Crematory April 27. The services were conducted by the pastor of Grace Church, Rev. John Sayles.

Albert H. Adams

Albert H. Adams died at his home at Canton Point, Maine, May 7, after several years illness. He was born in Wilton, the son of Elbridge Gerry and Abigal Thomas Adams, and was sixty-five years of age.

March 18, 1885, he was married to Miss Persis Adams of East Wilton, who survives him. Before his marriage he taught several terms of school, but has followed farming for the past thirty-eight years. He was a member of Canton Grange, P. of H., and was always active in Grange work until ill health prevented. He was a loyal Universalist.

Besides his wife he leaves five children: Bernard L. of Canton Point; Mrs. Jennie Bisbee, Canton; Mrs. Vera Hayden of Springvale; Merle Adams of Council Bluff, Iowa; also ten grandchildren, three brothers and a sister.

Mrs. William G. Cady

The church at North Adams, Mass., has met with a serious loss in the sudden death of Mrs. William G. Cady. She was a descendant of Hosea Ballou, being the daughter of Maturin Ballou. For many years she was our organist. She rendered notable service as a teacher in our church school, and as an efficient member of our Ladies' Aid, Mission Circle and other auxiliaries. She was gifted with exceptional dramatic ability. Her faith in Christ was clear-cut, positive and victorious. The key-note of her life was cheerfulness, an abounding, contagious joy. By her winsome sympathy she rendered a splendid service to the sick, the sad and the shut-ins. She was honored and beloved by all, irrespective of caste or creed. Her funeral was held at the Universalist Church here April 14, the edifice being filled with loving friends. The service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. Albert Hammatt.

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A little girl was spending her first night from home. As the darkness gathered she began to cry. The hostess asked, "Are you homesick?"

"No," she answered, "I'm here-sick."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

* *

Prof.: "Who was the greatest inventor?"

Stude: "An Irishman named Pat. Pending."—*Bison.*

* *

"Papa, what is a pedestrian?"

"An individual, my son, that is always found in front of automobiles."—*Le Rire (Paris).*

* *

Pat was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't naythe. I just obeyed the gineral's express orders. He told us, 'Strike for home and yer counthry,' and I sthruck for home. Thim what sthruck for their country is there yet."—*Continent.*

* *

Lady (just returned from Egypt, and showing curious souvenirs): "I bought that scarab from an Arab boy, who assured me he had stolen it himself during the excavations in the temple. And I'm sure it must be genuine, because he had such an honest little face."—*Jester.*

* *

In the barber shop: "John, I've been thinking."

"What about, old-timer?" said the other, surprised.

"Does our hair restorer really do the work?" asked the first.

"It must," declared John easily.

"Why?"

"Nobody ever comes back for a second bottle."—*Judge.*

* *

"How did your daughter pass her examination?" asked one mother of another.

"Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but they asked that girl about things that happened long before she was born!"—*Presbyterian Standard.*

* *

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."—*Christian Evangelist.*

* *

Mrs. Newlywed: "Why did you tell the neighbors that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you knew I couldn't even boil a potato?"

Mr. Newlywed: "I had to make some excuse, my dear."—*The Lyre.*

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